UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

Editors

John Haynes Holmes Francis Neilson

The Half Gods and Their Taboos

By JESSE H. HOLMES

The Church of Tomorrow

By HARRY TAYLOR

Justice the Basis for Peace

By P. M. MATTHÉEFF

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JOHN HAYNES HOLMES : *Editors* : FRANCIS NEILSON

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Contents

EDITORIAL—
Notes 211
The Half Gods and Their Taboos.—JESSE H. HOLMES 213
On a Certain Uncharitableness.—JOHN HAYNES HOLMES 215
A Pacifist On the Pacific.—Editorial Correspondence.—REV. SYDNEY STRONG 216

ARTICLES—
The Church of Tomorrow.—REV. HARRY TAYLOR 218
Justice the Basis for Peace.—DR. P. M. MATTHÉEFF 219
The World's Great Rebels and Heretics.—No. IX.—John Ziska the Taborite.—ROLAND D. SAWYER 221
A Call to Youth.—*James M. Barrie* 221

CORRESPONDENCE—
Uncharitable to the Churches.—REV. DWIGHT P. BREED 222
An Appeal.—MARY ISABEL STANDEN 222
A Rebuttal.—BERTHA SULLIVAN PAPAZIAN 222

POETRY—
Forward.—*Alfred Noyes* 211
Boys.—HELEN FRAZEE-BOWER 217
India's Roll Call.—MAUDE RALSTON SHARMAN 221

THE FIELD—
An American Federation of Religion 223
The I. W. W. Prisoners 223

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXXIX. THURSDAY, JUNE 1, 1922 NUMBER 14

FORWARD

A thousand creeds and battle-cries,
  A thousand warring social schemes,
A thousand new moralities,
  And twenty thousand thousand dreams!

Each on his own anarchic way,
  From the old order breaking free—
Our ruined world desires, you say,
  License, once more, not Liberty.

But ah, beneath the struggling foam,
  When storm and change are on the deep,
How quietly the tides come home,
  And how the depths of sea-shine sleep!

And we who march toward a goal,
  Destroying only to fulfil
The law, the law of that great soul
  Which moves beneath your alien will;

We, that like foemen meet the past
  Because we bring the future, know
We only fight to achieve at last
  A great reunion with our foe;

Reunion in the truths that stand
  When all our wars are rolled away;
Reunion of the heart and hand
  And of the prayers wherewith we pray;

Reunion in the common needs
  The common strivings of mankind;
Reunion of our warring creeds
  In the one God that dwells behind.

  Forward!—what use in idle words?
  Forward, O warriors of the soul!
There will be breaking up of swords
  When that new morning makes us whole.

—*Alfred Noyes.*

It is worth while to remember that it is important to *stand* for a great truth. "And having done all, to stand," is St. Paul's appeal. It is not given to everyone to stand in the front rank and battle for the cause of humanity. But those who take a stand, however humble, and never flinch, are doing a great service. There is perhaps no need for them to plead and to argue. Their lives are the unanswerable affirmation of the truth they embody in their own being. Those who believe in the life of goodwill, and who live their belief, are "living epistles known and read of all men," to quote St. Paul again. The power of the silent witness is immeasurable. He is the ideal and he will draw all men unto him.

The nations of Europe, before adjourning their conference at Genoa, took a solemn pledge to abstain from aggression against one another for a period of months. If two men should promise not to murder one another on any date prior to October 26, 1922, let us say, we should be tempted to feel considerable alarm about the situation, but with nations, of course, it may be different! It is to be noted, incidentally, that this Genoa truce does not cover a French invasion of Germany, for the Versailles Treaty expressly provides that France can make war on Germany whenever the latter country fails to pay the impossible reparations imposed upon her. Furthermore, it is to be noted that this pledge does not forbid the nations to prepare for the aggression and conflict which will be perfectly right and proper after the truce has expired in the fall. This is the reason, we imagine, why the League of Nations declared on May 19th that "the nations of Europe are in no mood to disarm, or even substantially to reduce their armies," and that "no material progress toward reduction of land armaments can be expected during the next three or four years." And this, dearly beloved brethren, is the result of a war fought "for a universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations, and make the world itself at last free!"

The discrepancy between Mahatma Gandhi's physical appearance and his personal power is one of the most amazing things about this amazing man. Thus Frazier Hunt, in his new book, "The Rising Temper of the East," speaks of Gandhi as "a pathetic, shrunken little figure, shaved head, hollow, sallow cheeks, with most of his teeth gone, his feet bare." But then he goes right on to speak of the Indian as a born leader, a man with an irresistible eye and an invincible soul, and says that if he wins his *Swaraj* campaign, we shall have "a finer East and a wiser, more benevolent West." Not often in history has a great man combined such physical insignificance with such transcendent personal influence! Lincoln was startlingly homely; Stephen A. Douglas was short in stature, as was Napoleon Bonaparte; Marat was ugly to the point of disgust; Voltaire was a frail figure, and in his old age shriveled and wizened; St. Paul was pretty surely a small and sickly individual. But these men were exceptional in these qualities; and in certain other ways they had elements of impressive personal presence which offered compensation. Gandhi, however, has nothing but those wonderful eyes which hold every observer in a spell; he lacks even a noble voice and the

gift of eloquent speech. And yet he has today the largest body of devoted followers in history—millions call him "saint," and worship him as divine. We wonder if oriental psychology explains this riddle which to the occidental mind is so inexplicable? Is this one more evidence of the essential materialism of the West as contrasted with the essential spirituality of the East? We seem to need the body, in order to find the soul. Perhaps the Easterner is able to see the soul direct!

The revival of attack upon evolution—"no longer a speculation, but a statement of historical fact," as Huxley affirmed in his famous address on "The Coming of Age of 'The Origin of Species'" (1880)—seems to us to be a good time to renew acquaintanceship with the classic literature on the subject produced by that company of prodigious scientific geniuses who made glorious the England of the last half of the nineteenth century. At any rate, we have taken down our Darwin, and Wallace, and Huxley, and Spencer again, and read afresh the pages of these acknowledged masters. What men they were—how nobly they fought for truth—above all, what mastery they achieved of this vast new topic of research and speculation! Much has been done since these great thinkers finished their work, but it is doubtful if the idea of evolution is any more firmly grounded today than it was on the day when the gentle naturalist of Down was buried among kings and beside Sir Isaac Newton in Westminster Abbey. The facts have been multiplied beyond all belief—new viewpoints have been opened up—new areas of the unknown have been explored and charted. But Darwin and his associates, in the first twenty years following the publication of "the Origin of Species," proved their case, and left to later scientists only the task of confirming and extending the demonstration. The current assault on evolution is a thing more ridiculous than anything else our modern age has known. It lends a final touch of irony to the situation to recall that the great evolutionists were among the leading figures of that "Victorian Age" for which the foremost generation has such undisguised contempt.

Francis Miller, who had worked on government contracts during the war, was convicted of conspiring against the United States. He was sentenced to Leavenworth for ten years. He was released after some months on bail pending an appeal. He returned to his work in a mill of the American Woolen Company. The appeal was not allowed by the Supreme Court. He was notified on a Wednesday that he must report to the officers of the court in Chicago on the following Monday. There were permitted to him only three days with his wife and two boys. One of these days he spent in Boston. One would think that he went there to find sympathetic folks who would interest themselves in securing for him a pardon. But he did not. He went to find people who would interest themselves in a friend of his. He went from office to office, interviewing committees not on his own behalf but on behalf of his friend. When they asked him questions about himself, he answered by telling about his friend. He said, "I am known in my home city. I have friends but this man is unknown. He has few friends to help him." He could not be induced to tell more than the barest facts about himself. But he pleaded with all he saw for help for his friend. Having just three days with his family, he gave one of them to a man who had a five year sentence and who will be released this spring! "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend." Francis Miller gave a precious day of his life for his friend. Cannot every reader of UNITY give just a few minutes' time to writing a letter to President Harding on behalf of Francis Miller?

The *Manufacturers Record* undertook some time ago to gather the opinions of a representative group of citizens in this country on the question of prohibition and the Volstead Act. Letters of inquiry were addressed to manufacturers, bankers, physicians, educators, etc., in all parts of the nation, and their replies carefully examined and classified. The results of the symposium have just been announced, and to say that they are impressive, is putting it mildly. No less than ninety-eight (98) per cent of the opinions received are in favor of prohibition in some form, while *eighty-five* (85) *per cent are unreservedly for prohibition and the enforcement of existing laws!* Hundreds of employers and men of affairs tell in this correspondence of the great benefits produced by prohibition in their communities. Manufacturers tell of the great decrease in accidents in their factories, of the sobriety of their men as compared with former drunkenness. Physicians tell of lessened insanity, of fewer patients, of innumerable blessings secured from the elimination of alcohol. Many of the men consulted call for a more rigid enforcement of the prohibition legislation, and take an out-and-out stand against every movement for the restoration of light wines and beers. It is encouraging to be informed that this testimony of men of affairs on behalf of the continuance of prohibition, has been published in book-form for general public distribution. We doubt if any more convincing document on the liquor question has ever hitherto appeared. Single copies may be secured at the Baltimore office of the *Manufacturers Record* at 50c. each, fifty copies at 40c. each, one hundred copies at 35c. each, one thousand copies or more at 30c. each. Here is ammunition for the clean-up fight against the liquor forces of the country. We urge its widest possible distribution among our citizens.

The growing number and fame of women poets in our day is a remarkable phenomenon. The names of Amy Lowell, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Angela Morgan, Olive Dargan, Josephine Preston Peabody, Anna Hempstead Branch, Sara Teasdale, Sarah Cleghorn, Grace Conkling, Florence Earle Coates, Zona Gale among Americans, and Alice Meynell, Anna Wickham, Winifred Letts, Edith Sitwell, Katherine Hinkson among the English, comprise a group of singers which is unprecedented in our literature. And it is interesting to note that, while England has much greater poets among its men than the United States, the advantage here with the women is all with us! One wonders if the long-expected emotional liberation of women is going to lead at last to real achievement in the arts! Certainly, from the standpoint of psychological equipment, women should naturally be the superiors of men in such fields of self-expression as music and poetry; but something—biological limitations, lack of constructive creative genius, denial of social opportunity—has seemed to hold them back. At any rate, in the literature of the past, with the notable exceptions of Emily Bronte, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Christina Rossetti, and Emily Dickinson, the names of women poets, both in England and America, have been comparatively insignificant. A recent and rather curious anthology of poetry by women, makes a pitiful showing as compared with the classic anthologies of English verse. But now there is coming a change—women at last seem to be entering into their own. The advent of such a singer as Miss Millay is an event of first-rate literary importance. We shall be surprised if, increasingly in the future, women do not keep pace with men in climbing the peaks of song.

It is pleasant to read that, after sixty years of estrangement, closer relations between the Northern and Southern Presbyterian Churches are an immediate possibility. At the recent meeting of the General Assembly of the Southern Church in Charleston, W. Va., a "constitution of the Presbyterian Reformed Churches of America" was adopted. News of this action was forwarded promptly to the General Assembly of the Northern Church, in session at Des Moines, Iowa, and reciprocal action promptly taken. This means that the movement for reunion has actually begun. On the other hand, it is depressing to read at this same time that the Southern Baptist Convention, meeting in Jacksonville, Florida, declined to appoint a committee to join with one from the Northern Baptist Convention in drawing up a new statement of Baptist faith, or to name a standing committee to co-operate with the Northern Convention in various common activities. This means, of course, that the two bodies will continue to stand apart. If there is anything in the religious life of this country which shows denominationalism gone to seed, which uncovers the utter absurdity of sectarian divisions of every kind, it is this separation of northern and southern churches which began with the Civil War two generations ago. It is possible that, in these intervening years, certain doctrinal differences have made appearance; thus, the northern branches are today probably more liberal than the southern. But what can these differences mean as compared with the common ideals and purposes which should bring these churches together in the Christian service of America and of the world? The political sections of the country have long since re-united. Why not the churches, which should properly have led the way to reconciliation!

The Half Gods and Their Taboos

When primitive man met with experiences which he did not understand he explained as a child explains, by saying, "Somebody did it." He personified the things he dealt with. The river which swept away his possessions, the sun that dried up the vegetation, the storm that wrecked his home, were people. So also were the spring sun which brought out the leaves and ripened the fruit, the summer rain, and the other kindly influences of nature. The world for him was peopled with gods, some hostile, some friendly and some indifferent, and one of the main tasks of his life was to adjust himself to their demands or to avoid their displeasure. The material objects round about him had various mysterious associations with these half-known powers, and were charged with dangers; it might be perilous to touch or even to look at them. The ark of the covenant, as told of in the Old Testament, was "taboo"; one who touched it was struck dead, even though he was trying to save it from falling. So also people may be taboo—as the Mikado of Japan—or articles belonging to a chief, or the sun at certain times, or certain times themselves when it is dangerous to do certain things or leave other things undone. So Paul tells us that the sacramental elements are dangerous to those who partake of them without proper preparation; so that, "for this cause many are weak and sickly among you, and many sleep." The Jewish Sabbath shadowed all ordinary acts, making them evil, some quality of the day itself afflicting all things done. It is on record that men eating fragments of food left by a chief, died in terror because of the violation of a tribal taboo.

We are accustomed to regard ourselves as highly "civilized," whatever that may mean. But as the "Tartar" is not far down in the Russian; as "the Colonel's lady and Norah O'Grady are sisters under their skins," so are we all of us very near to the irrational hopes, fears and superstitions of the savage.

We have our own personifications and our own taboos. They seem very real and very important to us, as do the personifications and taboos of other folk to them; but in fact they are of the same irrational quality, and frequently they serve as stumbling blocks in the ways of progress.

The church and the state are institutions which we personify to our serious damage. They come to be, in a sense, deified; we feel that we owe them loyalty, and that their pronouncements have some special sanctions. Their historic documents—the Bible, the creed, the constitution—are taboo; it is dangerous to touch or to question them. It is felt that they are of superhuman origin, having mysterious values entirely apart from their contents. Indeed in many cases, it is felt that there is a certain irreverence in going into the question as to what they mean. They must be revered blindly, and must not be dealt with as other writings are dealt with.

This attitude is just as truly one of irrational superstition as that of an African savage before his fetich, or an Exquimaux with his idol. The church is just a group of people held together by common belief or by common interests. It has no reasonable authority as a corporate body. Its pronouncements are the compromises of groups of ordinary people. Its official representatives should have the authority of character and learning, and no more. The quarrelsome and un-Christian council which formulated the Nicene Creed is no more reliable or authoritative than the following council which repudiated, or the later one which reaffirmed it. Any present day group of relatively similar learning and interest would be vastly more capable of an intelligent and intelligible statement as to the nature of God, than that one. The Nicene Creed ought to be as open to question, re-examination and re-statement as any modern pronouncement. But "the church" has spoken: its phrases and its explanations are taboo. Even if they do not have any clear meaning, or if we care nothing for the apparent meaning, the formula is "sacred." It is curious to realize that the idea of God is itself one of the religious taboos. It is dangerous, or at least improper, to mention him even in serious conversation unless it is technically and professionally religious. Yet if God is a reality there is no more reason for avoiding mention of him or for being afraid to identify his activities in our human affairs, than for similar avoidance in the case of electricity or gravitation. Indeed there is distinct need for an intelligent and scientific theology by which we shall come to recognize and identify God-power and God-activity as distinctly as we recognize and identify the other natural powers and activities. Of course if God is a rather malevolent and unsympathetic person who is watching and listening to see and hear anything disrespectful, or contrary to certain arbitrary and meaningless commands, and ready to take vengeance on those who fail in proper rites or correct formula: then indeed we should take counsel together to determine the lines of his caprice and avoid as far as may be the dangers of his despotic will. But surely such a God is as much a myth as Moloch or Mumbo-Jumbo. If, on the other hand, God is "a father," fatherhood is something we know about, can recognize and revel in. Do we or do we not find a great friendly influence in human experience? If so the world becomes home-like and its inhabitants our kin-folk. Or is it true that this friendly element acts through our wills, so that the divine fatherhood is not a static thing to discover, but a potential element of life in which we have an active and creative part? These are practical questions of experience, which we are halted from examining by religious taboos.

The state is another institution which is personified and deified, although as such person or deity it has no real existence. As such artificial and unreal person we are supposed to owe it loyalty, to hold its Constitution as sacred, to accept its pronouncements as more than human, and to hold our possessions and our lives at its disposal. Some of these taboos are as strongly felt as those of religion. Thus it is "disloyal" to oppose or question forms of procedure which have been "hallowed" by long usage, it is sacrilegious to criticize the Constitution, it is "socialism" or "anarchism" or worst of all "bolshevism" to propose social experiment in other folk-ways than those to which we are accustomed, even if those ways have led to disaster. Now in fact a nation, like a church, is a group of people joined for common purposes of mutual advantage. Its institutions are good so long as they advance those purposes, or until the purposes are changed. The "nation" as such has no "rights" and no "duties"; for it is merely the mechanism by which the rights and duties of men and women are made effective. If it fails in this in part it needs readjustment; if it fails completely it needs replacement. The Constitution of the United States was not made by demi gods, and it is not sacred. It was worked out by a group of worried fallible men under conditions and under the influence of ideals which have very largely changed. It was a compromise of conflicting ideas and interests of the eighteenth century. The twentieth century owes it no "loyalty" except to use it where it works well and to change it where it works ill. The judgment of men of our own time as to the needs of our own time is vastly more important than that of Adams, Jefferson, or Washington.

Institutions are machines, not gods. We owe them nothing because of their past. Few would be so sentimental as to continue to use an old automobile which continually failed to run, because they had owned it for many years. If it cannot be fixed it should be scrapped. Exactly the same thing is true of institu-

tions and constitutions. Their value is wholly for the future and not at all for their past. If they have worked well, there is a presumption that they will continue to work well, a presumption, however, always open to the test of practical use. If any particular form of church, of state, or any inner group within church or state blocks the way to the development of human powers or to human happiness it should be mended or ended without the slightest sentimentality. And we ourselves are better judges of their values than any generation that has gone before us.

Other deified institutions artificially set up and accompanied by appropriate taboos are "races," "laboring classes," "capitalists," "intelligensia," "property," "Republican," "Democrat," "Socialist," "Red," "Bolshevist." Each of these groups consists of a shifting and uncertain lot of individual people with certain interests in common. Each such group overlaps other groups, and every individual belongs to to several of them; but we easily get to thinking of ourselves as "belonging" to one or another of them, and our clearness of vision is at once clouded. In fact such organizations should "belong" to us, being temporary association with like minded people for temporary purposes. We should take on such connections easily and drop them as easily.

We must not ignore the fact of certain large life-long purposes which supply the unity of our lives and speak out our chief imperatives. Yet none of the groups named give any clear vision of purposes worthy to hold any such place. Vaguely and indefinitely we feel that the church ought to supply the compelling motive; but the superficial and petty ends usually put before us cannot so serve us. We cannot center our lives about an increase in membership, a new church building, a missionary service to teach what we ourselves are afraid to actually live, a supposed service to a tawdry and imperialistic deity, a sentimental exaltation of the virtues of a mysterious and unreal Jesus, a luxurious, emotional piety with no definite meaning or direction,—or even a personal immortality in a gorgeous and uninteresting heaven. Nothing less than a compelling love for humanity, involving a longing for the well-being of all, a sense of loss, in the failure of any, a general brotherly good-will, with our intelligent purpose to make over the world into a great friendly happy family, can be great enough to give to life its greatest values. But our deified institutions and their taboos continually deprive mankind of clear, unprejudiced thinking and planning on the part of most of its representatives. Men cannot think out the needs of their times when they must warily move among "sacred" ways of doing things, and avoid "irreverent" questioning of all sorts of outgrown and atrophied folk-ways. A state, a church, a party, a plan of salvation, a creed, a constitution, a deity, which must not be questioned and understood—any one of these blocks the way of the world. I do not doubt that many or most of them would stand the test, but their value is the value of present, efficient truth and no one of them "or any other creature" is beyond or superior to the constant necessity of "delivering the goods." So I urge that we get rid of the half gods and let the gods arrive: that we forget the taboos and take up the problems of life and death, of truth and falsehood, of the good and the bad without fear and with manly hearts. We can handle them as well as Lucretius or Augustine, as Plato or Kant, as Paul or John Stuart Mill. We can hardly do worse than the earlier generations and we may do better. JESSE H. HOLMES.

On a Certain Uncharitableness

Some of our friends seem to feel on occasion that UNITY is very uncharitable in what is said in these columns about the churches. A letter from Dr. Breed, printed in the correspondence column in this issue, is an illustration of this point of view. On this matter, I desire to say a few personal words, as I am largely responsible for what is said on church affairs.

I

In the first place, if to be uncharitable is to fail in the spirit of love, I am deeply sorry that I have ever given impression to anybody that I am uncharitable. I search my heart in vain for any hatred of the churches, any exultation over their troubles and discomfitures, any chagrin over their successes. I was born in the church and reared in the church; I have served the church as best I know how all my professional life; I have my dearest friends in the church; and I seek for nothing more ardently than the vindication of the church in public esteem and its triumph in public service. I am curiously inept in my mode of utterance, and practically speaking am throwing my life away in mad futility, if my devotion to the church, and to the cause of organized religion which as a body it represents, is not made manifest.

But does the charge of uncharitableness necessarily mean failure in love? Not at all! Nine times out of ten, if not ninety-nine times out of a hundred, it means simply that the truth has been spoken openly and unreservedly as one sees it for oneself, and not as some one else sees it for himself. I believe it to be a fact, which is borne out by all unbiased and thoroughgoing investigation, that the churches are today in a state of collapse—that their congregations are dwindling, their ministerial supply failing, and their public influence fast becoming *nil*. I believe it to be a fact that this collapse of the churches is caused by their failure to abandon the theological ideas, ecclesiastical

methods and denominational forms of an age that has long since passed away, and to take intelligently and boldly the role of true spiritual leadership in the new age that has now come. I believe it to be a fact that the churches betrayed the religion of Jesus Christ in their support of the war, and have added shame to shame by refusing repentance for this sin. I believe it to be a fact that the churches are served by uncovering these other facts, just as human beings are served by having their ailments disclosed by a physician. It is true, of course, that I may be mistaken in my diagnosis; what seem to me to be facts, may not be facts at all. If so, the answer is a statement of the real facts, and not a charge of uncharitableness. It is true, also, that I may be stating facts unkindly—speaking the truth, but not in love! If so, I confess to frailty, for I have not yet found the way of stating disagreeable facts so that they seem agreeable, or of speaking truth which seems to be blasphemy and sacrilege to certain minds, so that it seems to these same minds to be as holy scripture. Isn't it true, after all, that what is uncharitableness in the other fellow, is simply intolerance within ourselves? Whether so or not, I must state again, as I have stated so many times before, that I have never been able to understand, and am not now able to understand, why anybody should object to anybody else's saying exactly what he thinks about things in general or in particular, and in exactly the way that best suits his temperament or seems to him to be most effective. If wrong, he can be corrected; if right, he can be blessed!

II

Incidentally I would have it noted that, in voicing my criticisms of the churches, I am not speaking as one who condemns merely for the sake of condemning. I have a remedy for the ills I think I see—a definite and constructive program of reform for the disintegration that seems to me to have fallen upon the religious world. In this, I am inclined to believe, is my chief offending; for what is so uncharitable as to suggest that one's contemporaries are not infallible, that their way is not the best way? On behalf of this remedy, or program of reform, for our dying churches —namely, the community church idea—I offer no dogmatic plea. It may be sound or unsound—time alone can tell! Even if sound, it contains nothing that can be regarded in any sense as final. But it is a statesmanlike attempt to work constructively out of the *impasse* in which we are now involved, and therefore seems to me to be well worth trying. At any rate, I had infinitely rather perish in some brave adventure of this kind, than die comfortably and respectably at home of Pharisaical dry-rot.

III

One more word, if you please, about uncharitableness and plain speaking!

The other day, in the "Bowling Green" column of the New York *Evening Post,* Mr. Christopher Morley published a statement on this subject which seemed to me to contain perfect wisdom. It ran as follows:

> From time to time
> I have laid my heart bare before you
> And you did not like it.
> So I must point out to you
> It is *my* heart, not yours.
>
> My wrongness, perhaps,
> Is dearer to me
> Than your rightness.
>
> Yet you must not think
> That when I disagree with you
> I dislike you.
> On the contrary:
> I love you for having ideas of your own.
> I know how you came to have those ideas,
> And they are precious to you.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

A Pacifist on the Pacific

Editorial Correspondence

I am spending Sunday (April 9) on the ocean, enroute from Auckland, N. Z., to Sydney. I have just been re-reading Harry E. Fosdick's book on "The Assurance of Immortality"—Easter is but a week away —and Frank H. Simond's "What Was Gained at Washington"; and taking part in a discussion on Einstein and the theory of relativity. Fosdick's argument for immortality is more reasonable than Einstein's argument for relativity: which, I admit, is not saying much.

Speaking of Mr. Fosdick reminds me that I wish he had stood better as a pacifist, during the war. I doubt if he will ever be able to recover his spiritual perception that failed him at a critical time during the war;—when his fellow-men sorely needed a prophet and he had the ears of thousands. I have noticed that few men "come back," when once they let go in response to a tidal wave of hates and destruction.

Let me pass on to you some intimations of peace that come to me as I look out upon the Pacific, this glorious Sunday. What signs of peace are there on the horizon?

I recall an interesting conversation I had yesterday with Lieut. Hissamuddin of India. He is a member of the Indian deputation investigating labor conditions in the Fiji Islands and also an officer in the Indian army. I warned him that I was a pacifist and did not take much stock in the military. That made no difference; in fact he professed profound admiration for Gandhi. And then he remarked, "A great step will be taken toward the realization of peace when the words 'white' and 'colored' are dropped out of our speech." "You are correct," I replied. I felt that the so-called "heathen" had been preaching the "Christian" gospel: that I had not found "so great faith, no not in Israel," and this man too was a "centurion." He has one con-

vert. I do not mean to use the terms "white" and "colored" hereafter. There are plenty of words that do not convey discrimination. India is sure to help save the world from its intolerance and hatreds. Gandhi is giving the world an exhibition of power for peace.

A day in Auckland, N. Z., brought to mind that the world might learn many lessons of peace from this island nation, with only a trifle over a million of people —"98 per cent British." At this moment, this little nation is suffering from a severe attack of patriotism—along with her big sisters—and her officials nag tourists and immigrants with vexing requirements. For example, I was ashore ten hours only, but I was compelled to take oath, "So help me, God," that I wouldn't break any of the furniture of his sovereign majesty King George. It is all so childish and un-Christian—born of fear and ignorance—but then the great American Republic is even worse in treatment of travelers.

But New Zealand has so many fine institutions that would make for world peace if they were general. She has been "first" in many progressive movements. In the first place, there is no color-line between the Maoris (the natives) and the British. They have gone a long way toward the socialization of industry—not all nor half the way—but a long way. New Zealand was the first to adopt universal suffrage. Public utilities, such as railways, telegraphs, telephones, streetcars, wireless, postal facilities, docks, etc., are all owned and managed by government, either municipal or federal. The government frequently steps in and aids private enterprise. Labor is almost universally organized and in unions. The railway employes are in the union, also postal workers. The question of the right of labor to organize is never raised by employers. It is a closed issue.

Court arbitration is almost universal. It is not however compulsory. But when employers and employes through their representatives enter upon a year's or two years' contract, failure to abide by the terms subjects the offender to fines (not imprisonment). There are comparatively few strikes in New Zealand. No one claims that there is industrial perfection. However, if there was a similar approach, in America and elsewhere, to industrial problems, there would be more hope for peace. In New Zealand, the relation of government (in which the labor party has an honorable and important share, gladly recognized by the whole country) employers and employes is defined and adjusted, in the interests of peace and prosperity, as satisfactorily as in any country that comes to my mind.

Our chief hope for peace, however, lies in the creation of people who will not fight. "The way to resume is to resume," said Horace Greeley. The way to possess peace is to possess peace. It is to get into a state of mind like that of George Fox, the early Quaker, or that of Tolstoy and Gandhi—and the early Christians. It is to get out of the fighting zone: to become unconquerable in peace. I am sure of this, as I study the several hundred people on board. They are dangerously full of fight. The national anthem will carry them into hell as easily as Pied Piper piped the children into the mountain. All that Frank H. Simonds gets out of the Washington conference is a respite. And he is right. The people have not changed; not repented. Nothing but the spirit of Jesus and the sermon on the mount put in control will cast out the spirit of war. The nations must quit robbing and killing. I see no way of accomplishing this save by the raising up of people—especially young men—who would choose to be shot rather than to answer a bugle call to go out and shoot others.

This may seem to be a slow process. It might be quickly done, if people had faith. There is little hope, however, in governments. I had a talk last night with an Englishman who has been thirty-five years in China building railroads. He has come in contact with the officials of many governments. His conviction is that they are universally unreliable. I also had a talk last night with a young Irish priest. He says the trouble is that the Irish have lost confidence in English officialdom—and who can blame them? The people must take matters in their own hands. This means that a zone of absolute peace must be created around oneself which the dictates of officials can not disturb: that one will simply not hate enemies, will not fight. There are many such people. They are increasing. They are the peace-leaven of the world. Gandhi, Tolstoy, Fox, Jesus have shown the way. It is my conviction that mankind before long will be walking in the way of non-violence, and then shall we have peace.

April 10, *S. S. "Niagra."* SYDNEY STRONG.

BOYS

I like to think in spite of the Cross,
In spite of the bread and wine,
That Jesus Christ was a little lad
The same as your boy and mine.

That he played the games the others played
In the long and long ago,
And found the simple-hearted joy
That only children know.

Perhaps in sparkling Galilee
He learned to dive and swim.
I think the boys of Bethlehem
Were very fond of Him.

But if the resurrected Christ
Should pass this way to-day
To join our children in their games,
What could He find to play?

Amusement in the modern way
Would bar the young Christ out;
I fear He could not qualify
As a satisfactory "Scout."

How could he don a uniform,
Or bear a musket now,
Who only wore love in His heart
And peace upon His brow?

The children were His chosen ones—
Oh suffer these to come!
They cannot hear the words of Christ
So loudly beats the drum.

I wonder if He sometimes sits
Beyond the gray world's rim,
His heart ahunger for the boys
Who have no place for Him?

HELEN FRAZEE-BOWER.

The Church of Tomorrow

Mr. Holmes' book, "New Churches for Old," has crystallized in my mind thoughts upon the Church of Tomorrow that have been simmering in my brain for some time. Many may think my views radical and extreme but I beg of such to understand that they are the opinions of one who has given much earnest thought for many years to social and religious questions.

I differ from Mr. Holmes in regard to the position of the Church of Tomorrow in the community. Mr. Holmes conceives of it as being in our modern society, which it will rebuild from within; I conceive of the church of tomorrow as rebuilding society from without—"In the world yet not of the world." We are agreed as to the function of the New Church but we do not agree as to the method to be adopted.

Mr. H. G. Wells says that civilization becomes more and more a race between education and catastrophe. That is the position in a nutshell. It is becoming increasingly evident that our complex social system is fast reaching a point where its component parts tend to destroy each other. Even our most skilled statesmen and economists are less and less able to predict with accuracy the effect of any social and industrial changes upon society. More and more is it true that our modern industrial machine is a Frankenstein monster that we are unable to control.

Before the war a few of us cherished a dream that the new order would be realized without any more bloody wars or revolutions. We thought that brutishness had been so curbed that humanism could hope to advance step by step to the promised land. So ran our dream. Then came the nightmare of the Great War and we saw that the system of modern industrialism had deeper and more dangerous tendencies than were imagined even by those of us who understood some little of the workings of international capitalism. We also saw that the great mass of workers in all lands were just as amenable to the calls of specious patriots and just as bloodthirsty as ever when the lust of war was on them. The beauty of modern civilization was only skin deep after all.

The war ended on November 11th, 1918, but in a deeper and even more tragic sense it is still going on and the forces let loose on society in 1914 are still working ruin and disaster. Everywhere we see evidences that the appeal to force has had a rebirth and that it has permeated all sections of society. The defects of our industrial system of production are accentuated and made even more dangerous to the safety of the world because of this spirit that has been awakened in the world by the Great War.

In every section of society the "rights" of a particular section are fought for tenaciously while its "duties" are forgotten. In international affairs we see statesmen donning a cloak of friendliness in order to cover up the predatory designs of those for whom they work night and day. I do not mean to say that the statesmen of all lands are conscious brigands; very few men are that. They are blinded and moved by innumerable fears and prejudices. The salient fact is that in such a perplexing and bewildering world as that in which we find ourselves today it is so easy to believe oneself a saint and be in reality a devil.

I have referred to the effect of the war upon the mental and moral calibre of all peoples but I do not mean it to be supposed that through the war the peoples of the world have been so utterly demoralized that there is no further hope for them. There *is* hope. I still think that men are at heart good and that they will as readily respond to an appeal to nobleness and self-sacrifice as to an appeal to selfishness and class instincts. The trouble is that the right men are not in power to give the right appeal. I believe that mass psychology can be used quite as effectively for good as for evil. The trouble is that all the forces of evil and disintegration are so firmly in power.

I think that it is a very serious question whether the forces of education can outrun the forces making for catastrophe. To elaborate on this point would take up too much space for a single article but I think that most serious students of modern society will agree with me that there is no certainty about the stability of our present civilization.

The churches in this crisis are just a reflection of the world outside. They are filled for the most part with well-intentioned people who are absolutely unable to express in deed what they chant in creed. The liberal churches are no exception to this rule. It is the exception to find a church trying to practice "applied Christianity." The reason for this, I think, is that the ministers of most churches make no definite appeal to the people in their churches to *do* anything, or, if they do, it is couched in such general terms that the congregation are uncertain what they are expected to do. It cannot be that the people in our churches as a body are conscious hypocrites and would not respond to a clean cut appeal. All down the ages there have been a goodly leaven of heroes and martyrs ready to respond to a truly religious appeal. The trouble is that we have no definite program to offer the people. We have any amount of experiments that result in quite as much evil as good but nothing that is capable of firing the imagination as the call of Jesus or Buddha or St. Francis fired the imagination and stirred the heart.

We need a New Evangel that has the force and magnetism of the great evangels of the past. We need men and women who can show by their lives that they are of a new order of society.

Can this new order be brought into being by people inside the existing order who are more or less bound up with that order? I am beginning to doubt it very much. There are too many obstacles in the way and the progress would not be quick enough to outrun catastrophe. Mr. Holmes may say that he proposes to have a church which is in reality the community in action but I should reply that there are too many diverse elements in the present community to be reconciled and that the forces working for strife and disintegration are so powerful that stronger and drastic remedies are needed. I write with a good deal of actual experience in new reform movements and I have a vivid recollection of the "lures of the world" and the enticements of the present order. Men need something clean-cut and definite before an appeal moves them to serious action and sacrifice.

I think that the best way is to start a new order of society that would make its appeal right from the very start. I am convinced that the new venture must be truly religious because similar movements have suc-

ceeded in the past only where the appeal has gone to the heart and conscience.

The ministers of the various churches who have been truly moved by the social gospel would be the nucleus for this new movement. They would be asked to combine in their different localities, buy land, and form a group outside the city or town with their wives and children. This group would till the soil and learn arts and crafts and become as nearly as possible self-supporting. They would then spend a set portion of their time preaching in their special district much in the same way that the early Christians preached. The appeal would be made to men and women of all classes to come out into the country and start life over again on a new basis. To all the message would be the same—"Your system of society contains within itself the seeds of its own destruction; flee from the wrath to come." In a manner impossible whilst in the pay of a vested interest such as the ordinary church these New Evangelists would be able to convict the rich and the poor, the churched and the unchurched, of selfishness and sin. They would be able to point the way out in a manner that would cut across class and sect. To the rich they would say, "Sell all that you have and buy land and machines that will give to hundreds of your brothers the right to a life of comfort and usefulness. You yourself will in this new life find the Kingdom of Heaven." To all classes, as land and buildings came available, they would offer a way of escape that cut at the very roots of the capitalist system. It would mean much effort, self-repression, self-control for many of the converts, it would not be a bed of roses by any means, but it would, with all its hardships, be the founding of the real Community Church. All the advantages of our civilization would still be available for community use and the evils of huge cities would be effectively attacked.

I believe that now is the time to start such a New Evangel. There are thousands and hundreds of thousands of men and women to whom such an appeal would come as a veritable call. Thousands who now feel the call to become real evangelists but have no hope that the churches would respond to the appeal. It would depend upon the real religious convictions of these men and women whether the New Evangel appealed to men's hearts and effected a new way of life. I believe that there are the men and women in the world today to carry such a fiery cross to all the cities where industrialism reigns supreme.

I have given my thoughts on this matter in their very barest outline. Much more might be said and many objections answered. I cast my bread upon the waters.

HARRY TAYLOR.

Wheeling, W. Va.

Justice the Basis for Peace

Unity in faith, in understanding between nations, between men is the only basis for enduring peace in this war weary world. It can be obtained on the basis of justice only.

We see many efforts made to that end but the object continues as distant as ever. The suspension of hostilities enabled men to breathe, at the conclusion of the armistice men prophesied and hoped for a reasonable, moral settlement. Thoughtful men said—the war has been a terrible lesson, it has chastened both conquerors and conquered, and better understanding, more conformant with the best form of humanity, is bound to prevail among nations.

Thought and belief have not been supported by action and complete disillusion has ensued. We see instead fear, distrust, envy, revenge,—all the evil passions of man, more rife than ever, ruling to a greater degree than during the war!

The tyrants who would be conquerors are crushed and now the conqueror tyrant, in his turn, remains to be crushed, if peace is to be secured in this distracted world. One militarism, one imperialism has given place to another, if possible more egotistic, more passionate. Those who fought against "might is right" are now acting unblushingly upon that very principle.

I may have expressed myself too strongly for the American mind, but I do believe that the American mind is incapable of grasping the real situation created by the *wisemen* met in Versailles, by the treaties of peace evolved by them, whose whole efforts have been directed to the murder outright of their conquered enemy for the sake of purely selfish interests. These wise men are discovering that blindly they have gone too far and so have failed to avoid injuring themselves. The sword with which the murderous blow was dealt has turned out a two keen-edged one.

I said the American mind was incapable of grasping the real situation created by the treaties for the nations of Europe. The American can detach his mind from the excessively complicated political situation ruling in the old world, and can preach and work leisurely for an ideal destiny of peoples. The American at home is at home; no separating divisions exist in his country and none are sought for; no political frontier questions trouble him; his national life is one indivisible; the regulation of labor is his ideal. Not such is the situation in the majority of the countries of Europe. On whatsoever side you turn you meet with discontent, division, the ideal national life denied, nay proscribed, national frontiers disregarded, nations drawn and quartered and parts fleeing into the jaws of Moloch!

Such is the work achieved by the wisdom so pompously gathered in Versailles!

There is a responsibility for every action. We in this part of the world, rightly or wrongly, hold America responsible for these unprecedented, prolonged and apparently hopeless sufferings of so many nations.

America came into the war with a proclamation (14 points of President Wilson) justice for all; secured victory, deliberately turned her back on the unaccomplished task, leaving free play to all the evil passions of man against man, of nation against nation, intensely excited by the very victory secured by America, failed to end the war and thus contributed to its continuation.

But I must come to the particular object of my task —an illustration of the real and despairing condition of things which *victory* has brought on.

Among the greatest sufferers there is always a greater. Without doubt the greater sufferer in this crisis of suffering, is the Bulgarian people.

I will explain.

No other country has been treated so unscrupulously, and with design, as Bulgaria. The Bulgarian has been drawn and quartered as none other. The Danes,

the Germans, the Austrians, the Hungarians, the Poles, the Italians, the Serbians have more or less been allowed a plebiscite; the Turks have been offered such, but not a shadow of it for the Bulgarians! Parts of the Bulgarian lands with their population have been thrown into the Greek cauldron, part into that of Serbia, another part into the Roumanian, and some 500,000 souls, fled from these lands, are leading a precarious refugee life in what has remained of Bulgaria.

Such is the condign punishment measured out to Bulgaria—because in the war she joined the Central Powers and prolonged it by two years! Bulgaria had a national idea to attain the reunion of her race. She was on the point of virtually attaining it when the coalition of her allies, in the second Balkan war, the allies she had led to victory against the common enemy, turned her success into disaster. For generations past the limits within which Bulgaria desired to reunite her race were recognized by her former allies as also by the Entente Powers by formal acts. The negotiators to win Bulgaria over for the Entente failed to compensate Bulgaria, they counterchecked each other. Russia, strong in her colossal might, was incapable of understanding Bulgaria's possible daring to take up arms against her *liberator* in self-preservation, wished that Bulgaria help Serbia and march against Turkey and dared Bulgaria to attack Serbia; England advised neutrality fearful of Bulgaria marching against Turkey and securing Constantinople for Russia.

The Entente desired Bulgarian co-operation but would not coerce Serbia to disgorge, and with the nefarious treaty of Bucarest in force Bulgaria was left no choice, and she put her trust in the fortune of war. No sympathy for Germano-Austria guided Bulgaria; she acted to the best of her lights for the attainment of her national ideal—the reunion of her race, frustrated by an immoral coalition of allies in 1913.

Bulgaria fought bravely and loyally and victoriously all round, saw her task accomplished, her lands and race reunited from the mouth of the Danube to the Ochrida lake, from the Shar Mountain to the Aegean Sea. The end of the war would consolidate the work accomplished. The war dragged on, the Bulgarian soldier was weary with the six years of uninterrupted warfare, he had attained his national ideal for which he went into the war, he saw in President Wilson's proclamation, accepted by his allies,—*that the final settlement of frontiers must be based upon the self-determination of peoples.* The Bulgarian heard, trusted and saw no reason for further warfare, weakened the front and gave the unexpected opportunity to the enemy to break through his lines. This proclamation of Wilson and promises to that effect, that secured the realization of Bulgaria's national ideal, were every day showered in fly sheets by enemy's aeroplanes over the heads of Bulgarian soldiers!

An armistice was concluded, not one of its clauses was respected by the conqueror. Peace conditions were imposed, dictated by passion,—hatred, revenge and selfish policy. A Greek empire was created in the shape of an unnatural octopus along a coast line, for no merit of the Greek but entirely for the protection of English interests. English policy made light of President Wilson's protest against Thrace being ceded to Greece. Serbia and Roumania have been bloated to hugeness. Revenge for defeats sustained obtained for them additional Bulgarian territory—pound of flesh—rent asunder from the very heart of Bulgaria. Moloch is insatiable *as political necessity* is unscrupulous.

Bulgaria has been most correct in the execution of the clauses of the treaty, not so have been her tyrant dictators. Clauses in favor of Bulgaria have remained a dead letter. Her right to an exit to the Aegean Sea, the guarantee of the national rights of minorities are so far completely disregarded.

But Bulgaria has suffered and is suffering far more than from what was provided for her in the iniquitous treaty of peace. She has been maliciously maligned during the war, and particularly so during the two years which followed the armistice, when Bulgaria, by design, was kept isolated from the outside world. The propaganda of calumny in America, as elsewhere, has destroyed the good name Bulgaria had enjoyed. Apparently it never occurred to any one that this campaign of calumny was carried on in the absence of the accused and in the interest of the accuser.

The world, I think, is satiated with the deafening, bewildering accusations against the *Hun.* I have no desire to defend the Germans; I mention the fact. Are not people finally criticizing the report drawn up by the committee presided over by Lord Bryce on the misconduct of the Germans during the war? *But as "Bryce's report was swallowed whole and it is extremely difficult to make people disgorge that meal of horror,"* so is it with the campaign of calumny against Bulgaria.

English, French, Italians, Belgians, Greeks, Servians never had the opportunity of proving *their* conduct during the war, in an enemy's country. How they would have behaved remains a question, in some cases easily answered.

A remarkable situation is developing just now. The Greco-Turkish Might imposed upon Turkey the Sèvres treaty; selfish interests sent the incapable Greeks to rule over lands and people they had not the shadow of right to, and now we see force and again selfish interests reacting and annulling what Might had ordained. Turkey, the country condemned all round for generations past, is to have her national rights respected, when not even an alleviation of the least degree for Bulgaria is under consideration, because the purely selfish interests of this or that dictator power demand it so. No question of justice is at stake.

I have gone rather at length into the case of Bulgaria; it is the best known to me to give an illustration to the American mind, of the real situation resulting from the peace treaties, and, may I say, from America's not acting up to her solemn declarations and promises.

If arrogance trampling down the notion of justice brought down upon the world the great war with all its horrors, has not the same arrogance, far more intense, brought about and imposed *peace* conditions worse than have ever existed. We are now enjoying the horrors of peace, because since the armistice there has been no action dictated by justice. Even *unity* of purpose has failed the conquerors, which they certainly had during the war.

As things stand at present one cannot even say with the French, *that the other world is paved with good intentions;* there is no evidence of such at present and there can be none so long as the dictating powers are guided by purely selfish policies. But such an utterly bad condition of things should not discourage earnest men to work for *unity* and good understand-

ing among men, for in the attainment of that end alone can the nations of the world find their salvation.

P. M. MATTHEEFF.

Sofia, Bulgaria.

The World's Great Rebels and Heretics

No. IX.

JOHN ZISKA THE TABORITE

The religico-political revolts of John Ball and Wat Tyler, and to an extent of the Lollard preachers of John Wycliffe, in England, sent a message across the water to the continent. The great liberals, John Huss and Jerome of Prague split the greatest university with their new ideas, and were burned at the stake in 1414. Their ideas and their martyrdom gave religious enthusiasm to the rebellious peasants, and the fierce Taborites arose in rebellion. Their leader was John Ziska, an old, repulsive appearing man, bald-headed and with one eye gone; but he was a John Brown of his day; he rallied the peasants with the cry, "Down with Rome—up with the Brotherhood of Man." He secured cannon, trained his followers, and in 1420 started a campaign which burned 500 convents, slew monks, priests, and freed Bohemia. His remaining eye was lost in battle, but still he directed his campaigns till 1424, when he died of the plague. His example kindled fires in Switzerland and Germany, and the peasants were never again as docile as before the Ziska rebellion.

In Switzerland in 1476 Hans Bohm headed a revolt of the forest cantons, but was eventually defeated and burned. Hans Ulman and Josh Fritz and Poor Conrad were other rebel leaders of the peasants who essayed rebellion. The spirit these men sowed led up to the Peasants' War, when in 1524 Thomas Munzer and Hans Muller at Walstrut organized the rebellion of the peasants. The ferocity with which the ruling classes put down these revolts is one of the saddest pictures in history. The ruling classes felt no obligation of an ethical or humane nature; they professed to negotiate only to betray. Martin Luther courted the aid of the peasants in his war upon the Roman church, only to throw them aside as soon as they had served his purpose, in which he said in his infamous tract, that, "Whoever can, should knock down, strangle, stamp upon, stab, either privately or publicly, these insurgent peasants....a prince can merit heaven better with blood-shed than a peasant by prayer."

George Trueness, George Metzler, Wendel Heppler, Florian Geyer, Jack Roherbach were other leaders of peasants.

ROLAND D. SAWYER.

A Call to Youth

"My own theme is courage, as you should use it in the great fight that seems to be coming between youth and their betters; by youth meaning, of course, you, and by your betters, us. I want you to take up the position that youth have for too long left exclusively in our hands, the decisions in national matters that are more vital to them than to us. Things about the next war, for instance, and why the last one ever had a beginning; the time has arrived for youth to demand a partnership. Your betters had no share in the immediate cause of the war, but for fifty years or so we heeded not the rumblings of the distant drum and, when war did come, we told youth, who had to get us out of it, tall tales of what it really is, and the clover beds it would lead to. We were not meaning to deceive, but that does not acquit us of stupidity and jealousy, the two black spots in human nature which, more than love of money, are at the root of all evil.

"If you prefer to leave things as they are, we should probably fail you again. Don't be too sure that we have learned our lesson and are not at this very moment doddering down some brimstone path. I am far from implying that even worse things than war may not come to a State. There is a form of anæmia that is more rotting than even an unjust war. But if you are to be in the struggle, the more reason you should know why before it begins, and have a say in the decision whether it is to begin. The youth who went to the war had no such knowledge, no such say. I am sure the survivors want you to be wiser than they were, and are certainly determined to be wise next time themselves.

"Your betters have done a big thing. We have taken spring out of the year. And having done that, our leading people are amazed to find that the other seasons are not conducting themselves as usual. The spring of the year lies buried in the fields of Flanders and elsewhere. By the time the next eruption comes, it may be you who are responsible for it, and your sons who are in the lava. All perhaps because this year you let things slide. We are a nice and kindly people, but it is already evident that we are struggling back into the old grooves. We are too old for any others, that is the fundamental difference between us and you. We have no intention of giving you your share."

Manchester Guardian. —*James M. Barrie.*

(*From an address to students of St. Andrews upon his installation as Rector of the University.*)

INDIA'S ROLL CALL.

Dear India, thou Mother of nations, creeds and men,
Who gave the world religion in days beyond our ken,
Who sent thy blessed saviours to serve in every clime,
And raised up peerless *Walis* and *Gurus* for all time:
Come forth, reveal thy wisdom, unveil that hidden face
We need for our salvation, thy features we would trace,
Come forth unto the nations and settle their disputes,
With love rebuke their hatred, reclaim their war-recuits.

We need such men as Krishna, Mohammed, Buddha, Ram,
We ask, some mighty *Rishi* may answer: "Here I am"—
Some Moses, Jesus, Nanak, men hunger to adore,
Hark! do we hear the answer, who is it in our midst
Confounding worldly councils with the simple words Thou bidst?
Who preaches non-resistance, non-violence, non-hate,
While ceasing to co-operate with a degenerate state?

Hail Gandhi! soul of Asia, who works for *Dharma's* rule
And calls upon a Higher Self, man's lower self to school,
Who raises high the standard of India's *Avatars*
That shine in matchless splendour from a galaxy of stars,
Who wakens the discerment, and sets aflame the heart
To melt and fuse those differences that keep mankind apart:
In thee, Mahatma Gandhi, we find the man we seek,
Through thee, the Mother answers, we hear *"All-India"* speak.

We answer to the Roll Call, arise upon our feet,
And pledge ourselves to Gandhi, his life-work to complete,
Elect to be sufficient to meet our daily needs,
And throne a reign of plenty where Independence leads;
United, free in spirit, we move despite our chains,
And wield for war's blunt weapons, fine moral force and brains:
And though we're bound in dungeons, our bodies doomed to die,
Unshackled and triumphant, *"We'll live again,"* we cry.

MAUDE RALSTON SHARMAN.

CORRESPONDENCE

Uncharitable to the Churches

Editor UNITY,
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir: Your last editorial item on page 149, issue of May 4, inst., has its counterpart in nearly every copy of your paper. Your whole line of criticism is essentially false and lacking in the spirit of Christ. The particular item specified in the beginning of this note, is so completely untrue as to the denomination called "Congregationalist" that I must ask your attention to the "Year Book Summary" given by the Secretary of the National Council as published in *The Congregationalist*, May 11, inst., page 596, column 2.

The least you can in honor do, is to correct your statements and resolve to deal henceforth with your brethren of other faiths in a truer fashion and a more Christian spirit. I am certain that my friend Jenkin Lloyd Jones does not approve of either your method, or spirit, in this matter. Wishing for you more of his mind and heart, I am

Yours sincerely,

DWIGHT P. BREED.

An Appeal

Editor of UNITY:

We have with us at the present time Baron Eugene Fersen of Moscow, Russia, accompanied by his mother, who is visiting friends in the city while attending her son's lecture course and class lessons.

This is Baron Fersen's eighth visit to America. He came the last time just previous to the outbreak of the war, in company with a mission sent by the Czar to negotiate with the officials of this country relative to affairs of state. It was due to the outbreak of the Russian Revolution and the downfall of their government, that these foreign representatives were stranded here, practically penniless. The Baron joined our American Red Cross, serving during the war upon the side of the Allies. For more than a year this Russian nobleman worked twelve hours every night and nine hours every day, taking but one hour for meals and two for rest; giving his services during the day to the Red Cross, then at night working in the hospital as an orderly. Upon his return to this country he began a scientific lecture course, forming centers throughout our states in which he taught his theories. He is now endeavoring to establish a world organization for the purpose of carrying on a co-operative work along the line of scientific study and investigation, and in magnetic healing.

There are a great many very well-to-do members of our society throughout this country who have offered to donate toward a general fund for the purpose of erecting a national headquarters building in the Capital, but before the Baron had gotten his project well under way some malicious person reported him to the Department of Justice, claiming that he was misappropriating the money sent to him for this building purpose, and by thus attacking him they quite naturally delayed his plans for the time being. While on a recent trip west he was so annoyed by the undue activities of some of the operatives of the Department of Justice that he had to seek the aid of an influential friend to request Mr. Burns of the Department to recall the operatives. I mention this incident because I know that any fairminded person will appreciate how very ungrateful such a procedure must have appeared to one in Baron Fersen's station of life, one possessed of the highest sense of justice, one who has devoted his life to the welfare of all with whom he has come in contact, irrespective of their creed, nationality, or social standing.

Now Baron Fersen has a sister in Russia, the wife of a Prince of the old régime, and it is in behalf of her and her associates that I am seeking your co-operation. Prince Zwenegorodsky has not been heard from for more than four years, but his wife, Baron Fersen's sister, was saved from the awful slaughter of the noble classes because of her great power and friendship with the peasants. All during her life she had devoted a great share of her time going among them, teaching and helping them, and often dressing in their peasant costume, so that when the order of things was reversed the peasants demanded that she be spared, although she cannot leave her country. The Princess is now employed as a bookkeeper in a factory and in a letter to her mother she has described their living conditions, which I feel may be of interest to you. Princess Zwenegorodsky told her mother not to worry about her, that she and her companions had enough to eat (in which respect they were better off than most of the people) but that they did not have enough warm clothing, having very often to go barefooted. The wood which they obtain from the nearby forests is their only fuel, this they have to chop down and carry home on their backs and build their own fires and the temperature of their living rooms is seldom over thirty degrees.

The Princess has asked her mother to send them warm stockings and sweaters, so I thought we might enjoy contributing to a general fund for the purpose of making up a box of sweaters and stockings, to be sent as a friendship gift to the Princess for distribution among her co-workers, from The Baron's Light Bearers Society of America, their friends in Congress, in the Burrill Class, and any other groups which may wish to contribute toward it. No names will be mentioned nor mention of individual amounts be made, so one may feel free to give as much as they are able to afford, while the small amounts will all be acceptable to swell up the general fund.

MARY ISABEL STANDEN.
110 *E-F Buildings, Washington, D. C.*

A Rebuttal

To the Editor of UNITY:

I feel that I should be faithless to duty if, in spite of reluctance to prolong a discussion which I find both painful and distasteful, I did not once more beg for space in your columns—this time to consider some of the points raised by your correspondent, Mrs. Mary C. Trask, in the May 11 issue of UNITY. In view of the importance of the matter at issue I trust that you will feel able to accord me this courtesy, and that your readers will accord their patience. And I promise that with this rejoinder the discussion, so far as I am concerned, shall end.

Your correspondent, upon what evidence I know not, "deplores that I realize so little the necessary part that atrocity stories always play in war"; goes far afield in history and geography to prove that the Turks are not the only people capable of "mob violence"; quotes the testimony of a war correspondent and a few other authors and pamphleteers as evidence that the stories of Turkish cruelty are wildly exaggerated; and, with the air of one advancing a new discovery, announces that "the question is after all fundamentally a political one!"

Usually it is profitless to reply to personal and wholly gratuitous charges like the first. But there are times when the facts of the case are so utterly at variance with the charges made as to create an irony of situation significant enough to warrant disclosure. Now, as a matter of fact, both my natural repugnance and my instinctive skepticism with regard to "atrocity stories" of any kind happen to be so great that I have, whenever possible, avoided even reading them. And, far from relying upon them as a means of propaganda—true or false—I have, in my own efforts in behalf of Armenia, striven with all the power that was in me to subordinate them to their proper place in the public mind and to lift—or I might better say to drag—the whole question up to the plane of other noble national struggles for liberty and human rights where, distinctly, it belongs.

But, after all, I am only an individual—and an American at that—and my reactions in the matter might well be regarded as of little moment if it did not happen that this has been the very course pursued by the Armenians themselves—both the leaders and the rank and file.

Does it surprise the readers of UNITY to be told that there has been for long a definite, even a desperate struggle on the part of Armenian patriots and publicists to balance and to counteract the publicity given by foreigners to Armenia's sufferings, by a constructive campaign of enlightenment with regard to the history of the Armenian people, their contribution to the arts and sciences, their social, educational, and political ideals, their legal and political disabilities and grievances, their legitimate efforts toward liberation?

Does it surprise your readers to be told that time after time here in America the Armenians have come into open disagreement with those American organizations which have thought it necessary to emphasize Armenia's sufferings to the exclusion of aught else in her history; that the film, "Ravished Armenia," for instance, brought forth not only widespread dissatisfaction among the Armenian masses but protest from men occupying official position?

And this, not because the Armenians regarded the matter as exaggerated, but because it hurt their dignity and their pride to see their national struggle stripped of all its heroism and beauty and degraded to the rank of mere bootless misery and horror.

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

AN AMERICAN FEDERATION OF RELIGION!

At the twelfth convention of the National Federation of Religious Liberals, meeting at St. Paul's Universalist Church, Chicago, May 18th, 1922, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That it is the sense of the members of the National Federation of Religious Liberals present at the twelfth convention of the Federation, at Chicago, May 17-18, 1922, that the Federation should reorganize in form and function somewhat as follows:

THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF RELIGION

I. Basis: Perfect liberty in the quest for pure religion.

II. Purpose:
1. To make religion effective in the life of the world.
2. To provide a fellowship beyond the lines of sect and creed.
3. To serve as a clearing house of information and inspiration.
4. To function in forms of co-operative effort.

III. Membership: Membership shall consist of individuals and organizations accepting the basis and purpose of the Federation, making written application and paying dues as follows:
1. Individuals, one dollar annually;
2. Local organizations, annual contributions;
3. General organizations, one hundred dollars annually.

IV. Meetings: Annual and such other meetings as may be deemed wise.

V. Management: The management of the Federation shall be vested in a president, a secretary, a treasurer, and . . . other trustees, who together shall constitute a Commission of Management. The members of the commission shall be elected (blank date) and shall hold office for a period of five years.

Possible Departments
1. Department of Religious Education.
2. Department of Social Relations.
3. Department of Publication.
4. Department of Personnel.
5. Department of Community Religion.

Resolved, That the National Federation of Religious Liberals should create a representative commission with power to take such steps as may be necessary to bring about the aforesaid federation.

THE I. W. W. PRISONERS.

Says Ralph Chaplin, now in Leavenworth Prison for opposing the war:

Mourn not your captive comrades who must dwell
Within each steel-bound coffin of a cell,

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

But rather mourn the apathetic throng—
The cowed and the meek—
Who see the world's anguish and its wrong
And dare not speak!

Now comes a letter from out the prison—a letter that might well be addressed to this "apathetic throng." Herewith is a part of it:

"But little appears in its press concerning us and our fate.* * * The liberals, bless their saccharine souls! deign to mention us now and again. But they do so only to prove a point in argument, and apparently regard our incarceration as among the natural phenomena. They seem too priggish to acknowledge that the proletarian saw the trend of events clearer than they—or were more courageous in opinion. And they usually preface a five-line plea for our release with twenty lines making clear that they do not under any circumstances believe in violence. There they sound like intellectual poltroons absolving themselves from an imaginary crime—for where and when has aggressive violence been proved against us? There are contemporary Peters who thrice deny the Master—the proletarian—whose lashes fall upon the money changers in the temple of bourgeois society. Cannot honesty and culture give birth to a more healthy, protesting echo?

"These things, my friend, demand an answer. I will indulge in no collective rodomontade. The stoics among us grow fewer with the years. The few outside who really work for us are all too few. We feel our misery capitalized by some and ignored by others. Rumors of amnesty are received with mirthless laughter—the prison laugh—the laugh without a smile. Many who come singing to prison now sneer at old ideals. And it is not their fault—but yours of the indifferent

---

Is there not nobility and pathos in this attitude?

And, believe me, scarcely any of the persons that make up our Armenian population here but has suffered deeply either in his own person or in the persons of his relatives and intimate friends from those very atrocities which your correspondent would have us believe to have been, on the whole, wildly exaggerated.

One does not need to resort to books or to leave America for evidence. Look about you and ascertain how many of our adult Armenian fellow-citizens are the children of fathers massacred in the nineties; how many are now survivors of what before 1914 were large semi-patriarchal families; how many are taxed to the very utmost to provide for destitute relatives scattered from Russia, Siberia, and Japan to Egypt as a result of the last great tornado of violence and destruction; how many young women there are who bear in their souls and on their persons the stigmata of forced marriage or concubinage with Turk or Arab; how many persons who have survived the march from the highlands of the interior to the Arabian deserts.

To look upon the tatooed face of one deported girl who escaped from her Arab master; to take the hand of one women who, after seeing her husband and her grown-up sons slain before her eyes, was compelled to leave all her worldly goods behind her and, with her little ones, to make the journey on foot from Harpoot to Aleppo—this is to obtain knowledge of atrocities sufficient and representative enough—to my mind—as to require no further amplification.

But, if further amplification be needed—how account for the hundreds of thousands of orphans now being supported by foreign charity? How account for the immense adult refugee problem, of young and old, men and women? How account for the total disappearance of a tremendous percentage of the entire population? For the razed villages, the sacked towns? What has become of the Armenian leaders? Where are the poets? The members of parliament? The faculties of the schools and colleges? The editors? The priests and bishops? The doctors?

How happy I should be if I could share your correspondent's optimism and believe that the worst of this ghastly matter was nothing but a "foul lie"!

But to turn to other points in your correspondent's argument: How, in the name of historical veracity, can we ignore the vast and formidable literature of the last one hundred and more years in which the Turk as ruler over Greek, Bulgarian, Serbian, Syrian, Jew, and Armenian, stands indicted and accept without question and as sufficient contrary evidence the meagre and arbitrary reading list which she supplies? How ignore the character, the mental ability, the disinterestedness of the scholars, men of letters, travelers, and humanitarians of all races who have made the cause of these subject peoples their own? How overlook the great volume of European and American consular reports testifying continuously to the cruelty and misrule of the Turkish government?

Then again, are we to be obliged to confound hoary and well-authenticated state policy with sporadic "mob violence"? And because savagery has existed and still exists all over the world must we on that account extenuate savagery in Turkey? If Amritsar is not "propaganda" and is "unutterable horror," why may not Trebizond, Harpoot, Marsovan, Sivas, Hadjin, and Oorfa be the same? I am perfectly willing to admit the Inquisition and St. Bartholomew and to agree that the fact that the Turk is a Mohammedan does not necessarily make him any worse than if he were a Christian. But may I be excused from thinking that it makes him—necessarily—any better?

I always have been and shall be happy in the conviction that my country is the world and my countrymen all mankind. But, on the other hand, I have always abhorred and I shall always abhor empire and militarism. And thus, as one who loves humanity and freedom and peace, I have condemned military despotisms like those of Turkey and old Russia, for example.

But (is it necessary to say it?) my condemnation of Sultan and Czar has not extended itself to the rank and file of their respective nationals, as such.

The case of the Armenian versus the Turk is the ancient one of conquered against conqueror. If to state that the Turkish side of this question is the tyrant's side is to be "unethical and unjust" then I must reconcile myself to the thought of dying in my guilt for, utterly dedicated to the idea that all peoples should have the right to govern themselves, I can see the matter in no other light.

BERTHA SULLIVAN PAPAZIAN.

Cambridge, Mass., May 19, 1922.

outside! One, Fred Esmond, is insane —an Oxford man. Others seek release to bury themselves in the herd or gain the shores of kindlier lands. I see this tragedy of ruined youth and faith about me and wonder if this is the best heritage my American sires could grant! What do I hear from beyond these walls?"

It is gratifying to find such expressions as the following from the New York *Evening Post*:

"The belief that the Administration's policy against the I. W. W. and in a lesser degree against the Socialist Party can be based on a general assumption of conspiracy and treason in time of war is an impossible one and a dangerous one. The fact cannot be explained away that the I. W. W. does embody one phase of the labor movement in this country, and only blindness will persist in regarding every manifestation of labor trouble under I. W. W. auspices as a pro-German conspiracy calling for a strong hand."

And this from the Springfield *Republican*:

"Let even the Haywoods teach us something. Let us contrast their passion for anarchy with our own passion for democracy and justice. By reaching down to the depths and rescuing from exploitation and oppression the humblest and the most helpless of the wage-earners we may put the revolutionary I. W. W. out of business but not before, by any manner of means."

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